TRANSCRIPT— JUNIUS LEE "BUD" SALES, JR.

Interviewee: Junius Lee "Bud" Sales, Jr.

Interviewers: Sandra Jackson and Ruth Ehrlich

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Transcriber: Karen Gottwald

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Abstract: Mr. Junius Sales, Jr. (1937-2022), known as "Bud," gives an account of his life as a farmer in Reynolds, NC. He provides a sketch of his family history back to 1803 and describes his accomplishments. He was instrumental in establishing the Western North Carolina Farmers Market and the Reynolds Fire Department, and received the Order of the Longleaf Pine from the Governor of North Carolina for his community contributions. Mr. Sales describes how his personal and political connections factored into these endeavors. He served in the United States Army, training troops at Fort Knox, Kentucky. In addition, he relates how he met his wife and numerous funny anecdotes about his life in Reynolds.

Ruth Ehrlich: Today is October the 9th, excuse me, October the 8th. Sandra Jackson and Ruth Ehrlich are here at the home of Bud Sales, Bud and Aretha Sales, here to interview Bud for the Fairview History Project. So we've kind of gathered our paperwork and now, Bud, we're ready for you to tell us about your family going back to, you said,1803?

Bud Sales: Yes.

RE: Alright, hit it!

BS: Well, my 6th great grandfather was driving a stagecoach from Morganton to Asheville, the year 1803. His father died and left him a shotgun, a hunting dog, and two dollars and fifty cents. Now, can you imagine what kind of road he had coming from Morganton to Asheville? I guarantee you when he got to either Old Fort or Marion—they had a stagecoach station there; swapped his horses out so he could have fresh horses to come up the mountain into Black Mountain. Well, his daddy died and left him a shotgun, a hunting dog, and two dollars and fifty cents. And he married Hannah Sluder, from Leicester, and in November of 1803, they bought 256 acres of land where we live and paid $256 for it and had until January of 1805 to pay for it. Which he did. And then when he got it paid for, he bought Big Cedar and Little Cedar, which is in front of our house—two big mountains—they're covered in rattlesnakes and copperheads, and he paid 25 cents an acre for those. And when he got those paid for, then he bought Brookshire, Busbee, and Butler, that's behind us; and they laid better, so he paid 50 cents an acre for those. His only problem was he had too many young'uns. [Laughter]

RE: How many young'uns did he have?

BS: He had seven kids, and one of the seven was my 5th great grandfather. And his name was Elias, and Elias outdid his daddy and had 11 children.

RE: Oh, my.

BS: And one of the 11 was my great grandfather, and he fought four years in the Civil War, and I tell people the only reason he didn't get killed was because of his name. He was a teamster and hauled freight for the Confederate Army. And his name was Josephus Aiken Bud Cumber Dye Sales, and they didn't have a tombstone big enough to write all that on. So they said we can't afford to kill him, now you let him live. And he mustered out at the end of the war in Greensboro, worked his way back up here and married Sally Jane, and they had eight children, and one of the eight was my papaw. And my papaw was courting a doctor's daughter out of Madison County. My great grandfather, Dr. Jess Wallen sent his two girls to Asheville to go to college. My great Aunt Duffey was in the first graduating class, school of Nursing at Mission Hospital. Three girls, she's one of the three, and her sister who is my grandmother graduated from Asheville Normal Teacher's College. And when she graduated, she went to Louisiana to teach school, and I have a postcard that my grandfather mailed her in April of 1909. And on the front it says, "To my sweet fluffy ruffles." [Laughter]. And then, in his own handwriting, he said, "If a body write a body and a body don't reply, can a body ask a body the reason why," signed E. J. Sales. And that got her back up here, and they got married; and her being a doctor's daughter, she sat down and figured out where all them young'uns was coming from. And they had one, my daddy. And then my papaw played semi-pro baseball with the town of Fletcher. And they played at Riverside Park, which washed away in 1916, and he told me he hit one of the longest homeruns as ever hit in that ballpark. It went in a boxcar and went to Knoxville, Tennessee.

Sandra Jackson: That did make a long run.

BS: And we have been here ever since. Now, the Lord has looked after us. We have had some things happen here on this farm that just stagger your mind. My grandfather was killed right down there at the end of our driveway. A car hit him and killed him. He was about 82 years old when that happened. It was in February of 1960. I was at Fort Knox, Kentucky, in the Army at that time. And then when I came back, we had a house caught on fire and burnt to the ground. And I said, “we have got to build a fire department.” And so I got with my friends, we met and organized Reynolds Fire Department, which I was chief of for 40 years. And it has grown, it’s just an absolute wonderful fire department. And then, during that time, we had things happen on the farm. We had a big field over on the river that had one of the prettiest patches of cabbage you’ve ever seen in your life. The army had already been out and said they wanted to buy it. The field was worth $50,000; and we had a flood came through and washed it away and we didn’t cut a head of cabbage out of there. But the good Lord said he would take care of us. Somebody’s done something right or this farm wouldn’t have been here for 215 years. And then we had a huge flood. We got to where we were raising 100 acres of sweet corn, and we had a flood come through and wash nearly 40 acres away. But at that time, the government had a program out that would help you, which they did.

And then we said, “well, we’re selling our produce and all on Lexington Avenue, and that wasn’t a very good place.” And I said, you know, we need us a farmer’s market here in Buncombe County. So I started working on Jim Graham, Commissioner of Agriculture, and he finally sent the manager of the Raleigh Farmer’s Market up here, one February cold day, and I set and talked to that man and told him what we needed; and when I finished up, he said, “Son, you ain’t fixing to open up nothing but a can of worms.

There's only one market in North Carolina, and it's in Raleigh, and you're gonna have to be a better politician than what I think you are, if you get a market here in Asheville." The man should have never said that to me.

RE: Because?

BS: Well, it's not what you know, it's who you know that counts. He'd forgotten that I had graduated from NC State in 1959 and one of my classmates' names was James Baxter Hunt, Jr. And at that particular time, he was the Lieutenant Governor of this state; and that next Tuesday, I was in his office. And we talked about our children, and then I told him what we needed up here. And this is the very words he said, (they still ring in my ears until this day), he said, "Bud, that has merit. What would you like for me to do?" I said, "I want you to write Jim Graham a letter and Morris McGough." He wrote those letters that day—I've got copies of them in a scrap book in there. And, you know, whenever the Lieutenant Governor spoke, things started hopping; and the next thing I knew, we had us a farmer's market over here. At that particular time, it did more farmer business than the Raleigh, it was the fastest growing farmer's market in the southeastern United States, and they came from everywhere to pattern a market after it. And it's still a great market today. And then we had a house burnt down, and so I said—well, I told you that. We organized Reynolds Fire Department. And it's 50 years old this year.

Oh, Richard, our son, was the chief of it for 10 years, just a great man. And then our daughter teaches over at A. C. Reynolds high school. She's been there 35 years and has done a great job. I don't know how in the world they could remember all them kids' names. But, and now her two children are teachers also.

RE: Really.

BS: Just amazing.

SJ: And I'm kin to Bud way far off, and my son worked for him at the Fire Department.

RE: How about that.

SJ: For nine years, right?

BS: Yes, yes, sure did. I've had mamas and daddies tell me, said, "you don't know what you meant to us for the way you treated our children, when they worked for you."

RE: Oh, I'm sure.

BS: We had a time.

RE: So now you went to North Carolina State. Were you born—you said you were born on your grandmama's table. Tell us about that.

BS: Well, that happened at two o'clock in the afternoon, and then my mom and dad, they had been courting for quite a spell, and they were riding a Harley-Davidson motorcycle on January 2nd, coming through Marshall, North Carolina, at about 10 o'clock at night. They stopped to get 50 cents worth of gas, which was two and a half gallons, and asked the man that ran the station if somebody could marry them; and he said, "yes, there's a man that's a Justice of the Peace, he lives two doors down." So they rode down there, they had enough money to pay for their license, but he knew my daddy's grandfather, who was the doctor down there, Dr. Jess Wallen. He married them on the credit, and so they rode back to my grandma's house, and my papaw told my daddy it was time for him

to go to the house, and he stuttered and stammered around and told him he couldn't go home without his wife. That was January the 2nd, 1935. And so they moved into a little log cabin over here; and when daddy started building this log house, and he got it built enough for us to move into it in 1939. I was two years old.

RE: That log house that we drove by coming in?

BS: Yes.

RE: Wow.

BS: And it's just amazing how he built that, and we moved into it I was two, and the only thing I can remember is when we were moving out of the little log cabin over there on June Sayles Road, they put a cupboard up in the back of the pickup and the doors came open and one of my mother's brothers jumped in and closed those doors and we drove on over here into that house. No electricity, only had two rooms that were finished, the other ones had sub-floorings, and no inside plumbing. It was just amazing. So, he decided that they would dig a well right beside the house. And they blasted about twice and the house shook from one end to the other. So they knew that wasn't going to work. So they filled that in with dirt and dug a water line from the old road over there, which had city water on it. They dug under that highway, dug under the creek, dug under 74, and up that hill to the house and then we had water. It's just amazing. Then they put electricity into the house, and we had two circuits. One was for the wall plugs, and one was for the lights. And in my bedroom—it's still there—is a light with a pull chain, and I would try to pull that chain and cut that light out and get into bed before the light went out. Needless to say, I never made it. But I didn't know that the speed of light was 186,000 miles a

second. [Laughter]. It'd go around the world seven times in one second, and I never made it into that bed.

But, golly, we—then my dad bought his first tractor. It was a little walking tractor. Then he saved up the money and bought an 8N Ford tractor, which is over at Reynolds high school being refurb'd. It's 70 years old, and it's going to look brand new when they bring it back home. I told him they was gonna have it looking so good it wouldn't want to work no more. But this farm has been good to us.

And then we were raising cabbage, had 50 acres of cabbage, seven acres in apple orchard, five acres in a grape vineyard, and then we bought the store down there, and we said we'd build us some greenhouses, built eight of them, we've still got eight, and Aretha does a good job running those. And then we don't raise any sweet corn, don't raise any cabbage, just mow, got all this grass around here, and our greenhouses.

RE: Do you still own all that property that y'all bought or just this farm?

BS: No, just this farm.

RE: Okay.

BS: A.C. Reynolds high school, they bought 40 acres and built Reynolds high school on it.

RE: Okay.

BS: Yes. And Aretha and I are going to give them probably be two acres there, enough land for the band to practice on. They don't have a practice field over there. They practice in the parking lot, and it's going to be named after Richard, our son.

RE: Cool.

BS: It'll be Richard Lee, son... whatever, and it'll be exclusively for the marching band. A lot of times they start practicing, they run them off. Well, they won't run them off of this part because it's theirs. And that's going to be real nice. Because Richard really, really, really, really—he was just a sight to behold when it come to the band at Reynolds high school.

RE: That's great. That's great. So you went to UNC from here, right? You graduated.

BS: No. NC State.

RE: NC State.

SJ: Oh, you better get that right! [Laughter].

RE: See, I'm no—I'm not—.

SJ: You better get that right, girl!

RE: I can do CPR if I have to. I'll try hard not to say that again. But you went to Reynolds high school?

BS: No. Went to Oakley.

RE: Oakley.

BS: I was in the last class at Oakley.

RE: Oakley High School?

BS: Yes.

RE: Okay.

BS: Class of 1955 was the last class. They had built Reynolds high school. Their class was 1956.

RE: Okay. And then you went to NC State?

BS: That's correct.

RE: Okay. And then you came back to here, to the farm?

BS: No. I got my commission in the United States Army, and I went to Fort Knox, Kentucky, and trained the troops fresh off the street.

RE: Oh.

BS: And then I came back from there and joined the National Guard to finish out my tour of duty. And I had about—over four years in the military. And when I got out, I had the rank of captain. And that's the only job I've ever had.

RE: Did you—did you serve in any wars?

BS: No.

RE: No?

BS: For some reason, we were—my age was just at the right time. There wasn't anything going on. It's just amazing.

RE: Uh-huh. That's a blessing.

BS: The biggest thing we had was the Cuban Crisis.

RE: Uh-huh.

BS: The unit I was in here at Asheville, we missed going to Fort Bragg during the Cuban Crisis by 12 hours.

RE: Really?

BS: The 82nd Airborne—I had a good friend in the 82nd. He was 4.2 inch mortar platoon leader, which I was, he missed going to Fort Bragg by three hours.

RE: Wow.

BS: That's how close we were to war.

RE: Wow.

BS: But it was just amazing.

RE: How about that. So, tell us how you met this lovely Aretha.

BS: Well, sir, I was riding around in a place called Babe Maloy's. Y'all have never heard of it.

SJ: Oh, I have. It was still there when I was—.

BS: Yeah, and she and her girlfriend come riding around in a 1954 For—Chevrolet convertible.

RE: Oo-whee!

BS: And I'd seen her several times, and so I asked them if they'd like to go out to the Ponderosa and see a good-looking patch of cabbage. [Laughter].

RE: [Laughter]. Is that a fact, Aretha?

BS: And they said, "oh, we just love cabbage." I said, "well, let's go." And so we rode out here, and the field I had was where Laurel Creek is now, across the hill, beautiful, beautiful patch. And so—.

Aretha Sales: I was fascinated with all of that cabbage.

BS: Well, we used to raise 50 acres, 50 acres of cabbage. That's—.

SJ: She kept coming back to see you?

BS: Yeah, look at that field there.

RE: Look at that. So she—so what was the allure of that cabbage for Aretha?

BS: She just loved to eat cabbage.

RE: She wasn't flirting with Bud?

BS: And then I knew I was going to marry her. I had a 19 and 55 Chevrolet two-door hard top, apple and cream. And we were riding around out through where Sandra lives, on down through Garren Creek and come out on Broad River, Road Number 9. And here

was this overhead truss bridge, wooden floor, she's pushing the door out on my passenger's side, and I got in the middle of that bridge and slammed on the brakes and let out this blood-curdling yell, that thing was falling in. She jumped about that high. Next thing I knew here she was. [Laughter]. I said, "my, my, this is the life." So I traded that car and got a 1957, and it's in the basement, '57 Chevrolet. And then we got married in it, and then we were back down there, and the same bridge, pushing the door out on that car. I let out that blood-curdling yell and slammed on the brakes, and she said, "that just works once." [Laughter].

SJ: Good for you, Aretha.

RE: And what was your intent at that point?

BS: I wanted her under my wing is what I wanted. But, gosh, we've had a wonderful life., we've had—she wrote me every day when I was at Fort Knox, and I wrote her every day.

RE: That's wonderful.

BS: I could even write backwards. I'd write her a letter that she'd have to put in front of a mirror to read it. I'd tell her that life up there just was backwards that day and just had me all—and then, the only way I could write a letter was backwards. And then I wrote her one and told her all we did was go around in circles, and so I started in the middle and just went like that. But gosh, what a life!

RE: Okay. Now I want to go back before we forget this because this was too funny. Before we turned the recording on, you were talking about you didn't know your name until you were where? Was it in college?

BS: No, high school—no, grammar grades.

RE: Tell us—tell us about that, that you were born—and I love that story. You were born on your grandmama's table and tell us about where Bud came from.

AS: Tell them where the table was, where your grandmother lived.

BS: Well, my grandmother lived where Reynolds fire department is now.

RE: Okay.

BS: And it was a real nice oak round table, and my sister Peggy has that table today. Yes. And I'll call her and I say, will you take everything off the table so I can come over there and just reminisce a little bit.

SJ: Well, now tell us about being born on it.

BS: Then, then—I was born at 2:00 in the afternoon. My dad had a doctor and a nurse to come out. It cost him $30, and when I leapt out into this world, they took one look at me and said, "man, he looks just like a little bud." So they nicknamed me Bud. And I didn't know what my name was until I started to Oakley school, and they called me J.L. And then when I got into high school, my coach called me the letter J. And then when I graduated from Oakley and went to NC State, I had to write my last name first, first name, middle initial. Well, I wrote my last name and then I wrote what I thought was my first name, and my mother called me and said, "that's not your name. You've got to go back to the administration office and get that changed." So I go back up there and here's four women at their desk, a big counter and one of them looks up, "can we help you, son?" I said, "yes, ma'am, I'm not spelling my name right now." "Oh, Lord, he's in

college and can't even spell his name." But I graduated in four years. Matter of fact, I failed freshman English. I made an F plus plus on it. But I got even with them. I took a course in public speaking, and I made an A on it, and I haven't stopped talking since.

RE: I think you could be on the stage. Now, when you came back to the farm, what was going on on the farm when you graduated and came back to the farm?

BS: Well, my dad was raising tomatoes, greasy cut short beans and tobacco and cabbage. And grapes. And then when I came back, we added on to the grape vineyard. It was only about two acres, and we made five acres out of it. And then we bought this store down here. It used to be called Sales Produce. And we couldn't get good apples and we couldn't get good pro—plants, so we planted seven acres in apple orchard, and I'd been after us to get a greenhouse, and I had a good friend that was the superintendent of the horticultural research station at Fletcher, Harley Blackwell. And I called Harley, and he said, "well, I know a man that's got a greenhouse that's packed up in his basement for ten years and—down on Sweeten Creek Road." So we went down and looked at it and bought it, and it's that glass house down there. We brought it home and put it up, thought we was in the greenhouse business—we hadn't—so we built another one. Then we built six more. And then we built this big one up here on top of the hill, and then that put us in the greenhouse business.

RE: And what do you sell out of the greenhouses, you know?

BS: Aretha raises about 2000 hanging baskets.

RE: Wow.

BS: And about—close to—and various pots and all this, about 10,000 of those.

RE: Now, you must have help.

BS: Yes.

RE: Where do you get your help?

AS: Family.

BS: Family. My sister.

AS: His sister.

BS: And—

RE: Do you have kids?

AS: Jerry Best.

BS: Jerry Best that works for us.

AS: Has worked for us for years. And Kathy Shockley. She lives in Fairview.

BS: She lives on Old Fort Road, just across from Jerry Sales. She's got worlds of plants at her house, as you go by there.

RE: So did you ever hire—.

AS: And then Keila Briggs, our daughter, is going to help us—

BS: Oh, yeah, we've got—.

AS: —when she retires.

BS: —four—.

SJ: She really helps now, doesn't she?

AS: Yeah, just on her days off every once in a while. She helps—.

BS: We hire about four people, four people to help us.

RE: And are they local?

BS: Yes.

RE: So they're not migrant farmers or anything like that?

BS: No, no, no, no.

RE: They're locals. And are they recurring hires?

BS: Oh, we have people call us all the time.

AS: Same people every year.

BS: Same people every year.

RE: That is wonderful.

AS: Yeah, they love it.

RE: That is absolutely wonderful.

AS: They all love it.

SJ: There's a field of cabbage right across the road.

BS: Oh, yes.

SJ: Then when they would not pick it all in the fall and it would start rotting—

[Laughter].

BS: You know, what? People will say, “God, Bud, that smells.” I says, “no, it smells like money to me.”

RE: Yeah, exactly, exactly.

BS: But we used to raise an acre for people to pull up and bury. They don’t do that now. But we had an acre of cabbage and they would come, and then one of my prize people that would come was Miller. He lost his eyesight in World War II.

SJ: Billy.

BS: Billy Miller.

SJ: That’s my cousin.

BS: And he would come over and he’d say, “Bud, let me look at you”. Oh, he’d say, “oh, you’re getting a little peach fuzz up there now. It won’t be long you’ll be start shaving, looks to me like. I’d like to go down and look at those cabbage.” I said, well—told his wife get him his car, meet me at the foot of the hill. I said, “Mr. Miller, right where your left foot—right foot is there’s a row starting right there that’s got ten of the prettiest heads of cabbage ever.” “Well, let me check ‘em. Yep, that’s just the size I want.” So they’d pull them up by the roots and take them home and dig a ditch in their garden, turn them upside down and bury them and pack the dirt around them and just leave about that much

of the roots sticking out. They would bleach as white as that piece of paper and just turn sweet like sugar. And then you could pull them up, and along about January, December, and have you some cabbage.

RE: They would eat the cabbage head that was underground? Really?

BS: Oh, yeah.

AS: They soaked it very well and it was very good.

RE: How about that? Interesting.

BS: Well, they don't do it now because supplier sends the cabbage right up here. But we had one man that would come from Yancey County, he was a preacher—that's north—I would pull up a thousand heads and put on his truck. That's all his truck would haul. They weighed about four pounds apiece. That's 4,000 pounds of cabbage. He came one day, he'd been to the stockyard, and there's about that much cow manure in the bottom of his truck bed. I says, let me—pull up down here at the pond, our little portable pump is there and I'll—no, no—Mr. Bradford was it. He said it'll be all right. We'll just throw some of them wrapper leaves on there and it'll be fine. I thought, Golly. So I loaded his truck down, and he sold them—he didn't call it the flea market in Yancey; he called it the jockey lot. But he would sell two truckloads up there, 2,000 heads of cabbage to his neighbors.

RE: How about that. Now, what did you with all that produce you all were raising? What did the farm do with it?

BS: Well, we sold worlds of it at the farmer's market. Well, it was to J.R Thomas Produce. They sold our cabbage for us. And then when we built the farmers' market, I told my dad, I said, "that's going to be a decent cabbage market, but it's going to be a great corn market." So we raised five acres of corn, worms and all, and sold it in no time. And the next year, we raised ten. Then I started reading what we needed to do to keep the worms out of it, and I discovered we were spraying the corn too late. Syracuse University did a study. If the temperature was above 85 degrees, relative humidity above 85 percent when the moth laid the egg on the silk, it would hatch in 48 hours. So I was spraying one week too late, and that worm had already hatched out, and it has already crawled down inside the ear and wasn't nothing going to touch it. So I started spraying on Wednesday and Saturday for three weeks. Didn't make—I mean every Wednesday and every Saturday I sprayed the corn and stopped that cycle, and then we had no worms. I pulled 6,000 bags of corn and not seen a worm. Just amazing. But it was so funny, the little old women say, "now, just how many worms is in that corn?" I said, "well, ma'am, all they've eaten is corn and they're full of protein." But I said, "there's none there. I've got 12 ears laying in the cab of my truck, let me jerk one of them out, I'll just shuck it down and you just eat it." "Oh, can you eat it like that?" I said, "yes, and it'll turn your eyes brown." I said, "you just can't believe." [Laughter]. But, yeah, we sold the corn. We started out with five acres and got up to a hundred that we sold at the Asheville farmers' market, a hundred acres of sweet corn.

RE: That is amazing. Now tell me back when you were a kid and growing up on the farm here. It sounds like you worked a lot. It sounds like there was a lot going on, but did you ever have time to play and what did you do for fun?

BS: Oh, yeah.

RE: Besides going to that bridge and braking and screaming bloody murder.

BS: Well, I played basketball at Oakley high school, and I played football at Oakley high school. My senior year I was co-captain of the football team, and we had a 6-2-1 record, and Buncombe County basketball tournament lasted for two weeks because there were that many high schools in the county, and now there's only six counting Asheville, and they don't even have the tournament. But my mother would go at 3:00 in the afternoon to watch me play basketball at 9:00 that night. If she didn't go at 3:00, she didn't get a seat. I mean, that's how—what a tournament that was. And we played Fairview and beat them in the last 30 seconds. They were ahead of us by three points. We went down and scored and then they were ahead of us by one, brought the ball back out and I knew if Danny Harper got that ball, he was gonna throw it to Carroll Cauble, who was our best basketball player, and he did. But I jumped in front of Carroll and caught the ball. I dribbled one time and threw it to one of our players. He went on and hit a little crip shot with about five seconds left on the clock.

RE: Wow.

BS: And we were ahead by one.

RE: That's all it took.

BS: Oh, yeah. And then we played Biltmore, and we beat them when they ranked number one in the county, but then we had to play North Buncombe. North Buncombe was the first school to consolidate. They was in Weaverville. Five high schools made North

Buncombe, and nearly every high school had at least one good ball player. Well, they got five and they beat us. But that was some game. But now, they couldn't beat us in football. My senior year when we played North Buncombe, I ran one touchdown for 50 yards, one for 45, and ran another one for 70.

RE: Wow.

BS: And got caught on the goal line, but I love football.

RE: Yeah. And what about on the farm? Did you entertain yourself or were you just too busy working?

BS: Oh, yeah, we played all kind of games when we grew up. Fox and the dog.

AS: He worked after we were married.

BS: Oh, yeah.

AS: He worked a lot.

BS: You had to work.

RE: Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah.

BS: If your farm was going to make it. But golly, dog.

SJ: Who were the kids you played with around here?

BS: The Browns lived across the road from us. Alice and Betty, who married Arnold Butler, Buster, Sam, we all played together here, all of us. And then the Wrights lived across the road, they were there, and then on Halloween, we would all gather up, didn't

expect much, but we went down to Mr. Hall Sayles' and he was always gone on Halloween night. Well, we got down there this particular Halloween night, and he was getting ready to enclose his back porch, and there set a big stack of lumber that he'd just gotten from Johnson Chandley Lumber Company. We put two young boys on top of his house, and we stacked that entire stack of lumber on top of his house. That was on a Saturday night. And here we were going to church at Rose Hill, and Hall led the singing. We sang one song, had a prayer and the second song. I was setting right beside my daddy. Hall got through that first song, and he said, "now, let me tell you people something. If you don't get a handle on your kids in this community, they're all going to hell. They came over here last night and stacked a big stack of lumber on top of my house." And my daddy done just like this.

RE: Looked at you real hard, huh?

BS: We got home and he laughed. He knew how Hall was. But I did get in trouble over there whenever I was a kid. I don't know what I was doing, but my mom was going to take me out and square me away there at the Sunday school, and she couldn't pick me up. I was just limber as a dish rag. And so finally she just grabbed me by the arm and drug me out of church. You know, she didn't had to do that no more?

AS: I'll bet she didn't

BS: She sure but got my attention. I'll tell you that right now. But golly, dog.

RE: Now, you and Aretha got married and moved back onto the farm?

BS: Yeah, moved into a mobile home, setting right out there.

RE: And, Aretha, did you know you were getting into farm work?

AS: Yes, I did.

RE: You did? And you were okay with that, huh?

SJ: If the first date was look at cabbages, she had to know.

BS: Well, I told her—

RE: That's the best first date I think I've ever heard of.

BS: I said, "Woman, if you let me get this last patch of cabbage cut, I'll just marry you." It was a small patch.

RE: Was that your proposal?

BS: Yeah, I knew I was going to marry her before I went into the Army. We went through the Great Smoky Mountains, and she fixed chicken, we had that '57 Chevrolet, and we got up there, and it started snowing, and we got out and had a snowball fight and then got back in the car and ate, and it was just a—it was just a fine day. It really was. And I knowed right then I was going to marry that woman.

RE: And how long was it later? Did you say you were four years in the service?

BS: Well, I married her in 1960. Matter of fact, October the 23rd of 1960. Then her dad died of a heart attack, and she had three brothers, so we just attached all them boys to come live with us.

AS: My mother was killed when I was 15.

BS: Yeah, in an automo —in a train wreck.

AS: And so when my dad died, my brothers needed a home.

RE: And how old were the brothers when they came to live with you guys?

BS: Was Leon in the eighth grade?

AS: Marvin was in the eighth grade, and Leon was in the tenth, and I guess, Gary lived with a half-brother and they moved to Delaware. And he went with them, but he wasn't happy up there. After he graduated from school, he came back to live with us. And they all joined the service during that time. So there would be one or two here, and one away, and then one would come home and the other one would be gone, so—but it was a blessing to have them. And they helped out on the farm. So we—we loved them.

BS: Yeah, we hadn't been in that house but about a month, and lo and behold she got up one morning to go to work and here went a mouse across the floor just a gittin' it. I'll tell you right now that rat—I mean, here this thing was, here's a rat, better be out of my house when I come home tonight. Well, the mobile home was ten wide and forty long. That deck out there is bigger. And so I said, "boy, I better do something". So I tracked him down in the front bedroom, and there he was, and I picked up her clothespin bag and busted his head and drug him back out of there and went down under the shed and got a bear trap. I mean, I mean here this thing was, this long, and it's just all you could do with a pair of pliers to open it up enough to put that mouse's tail in there just like that.

RE: You didn't.

BS: And I brought that up here and put it right in the doorway and wrapped the chain around the table leg, and I went on back to work. And when she come home that afternoon, I come out from that shed I was working in and seen her come up here. She opened the door and there that mouse was looking at her.

AS: Like it really was looking at me right in the eyes.

BS: And she said, “Bud, Bud, we got him, we got him.” And then she said, “oh, oh, oh.” See what kind of terrible life we live. Then, then our mail used to run — we built this house and our mail ran early, and so I went—we had this cat named Christmas, and I went and got the mail and the paper and I was setting right here, Christmas wanted in with me, it was black dark. I gave Aretha half the paper, and I was setting here, and that cat was playing around my feet, and I was reading the sports page, and finally, I said, Christmas, get away from me so I can read this paper. Well, that cat hadn’t been gone two minutes, and I felt something going up my britches leg, inside. It had brought a mouse in the house with it.

RE: And what did you think about that, Aretha? Wasn’t it payback?

AS: Well, I was setting there and he just jumped up out of that chair and yanked his pants off, and he was going like this to kill the mouse. I said, “what is wrong with you? Are you crazy?” And then he had a mouse, a dead mouse to show for it. It ran up his leg to get away from the cat.

BS: Yeah, it got to my knee.

SJ: Oh, that would be awful.

BS: We‘ve lived a sheltered life here.

RE: So now you said you went to Rose Hill when you were a kid. Do you still go to Rose Hill?

BS: Now it’s Reynolds.

RE: Reynolds?

BS: Reynolds Baptist Church.

RE: Okay. Because isn’t there a Rose Hill Baptist?

BS: Yeah.

RE: Because I went over there one time, I think. I was visiting the Baptist churches down the road.

BS: Yeah, yeah.

RE: So where is Reynolds Baptist Church?

BS: It’s where Asheville Shrine Club and Rose Hill Sunday School used to be. Sitting right there on the hill.

RE: I’m not sure where that is.

SJ: It’s on Rose Hill Road.

RE: Okay.

BS: Just if you stop to go to Reynolds school, it's the church sitting right there at that intersection.

RE: Okay.

BS: Yeah. Yeah.

SJ: You didn't go to Gashes Creek?

BS: No, you take—are we recording?

RE: Yeah.

BS: Let's stop for just a minute. Let me give you this.

RE: That would've been a great story.

BS: Well, if y'all want it, I don't mind telling it to you, but I just—.

SJ: Yeah, tell it because I didn't know—.

SJ: It's fact. I mean, it's fact, right?

BS: Oh, yeah.

RE: See, tell it. Tell us that story about Gashes Creek. Sandra had asked you if you ever went to Gashes Creek Church, right?

BS: Yes. No, but back in the day, the young people there had J. Haskew Shook teaching their Sunday school class, and the deacons of the church found out that he was a Methodist, and they told them that had to cease. Well, that upset them, so they left the church and organized Rose Hill Sunday School on the front porch of Eb and Ella's

[Sales] house over here on the old Charlotte Highway. And in the meantime, Rose Hill school had been sold, and the people up here said they couldn't afford it, so the Shriners bought it, and they said you could have church here. It brought less than $3,000. And so they started having Sunday school there, and over a period of years, plumb on up till Aretha and I were married, then they changed the road going up Reynolds school and chopped off part of Sales Farms, so my daddy gave that to the church to build a church there. So, they built Rose Hill church. And we young folks thought we needed to be something, so we voted one Sunday morning to either be a Methodist or a Baptist, and the Baptists won out. And the old people didn't like that, so they took us to court, and the court ruled in their favor, said we could go there but we wouldn't have no say-so. Well, we said, no, we'll just organize us a church, so we organized Reynolds Baptist Church on June 29, 1969, and met down in Oakley. And then we started having church at Reynolds high school till we built a church up on the side of the mountain on the—going up Mine Hole Gap, and then the Shriners outgrew the Shrine Club and they put that building up for sale, and so we bought it back, and Reynolds Baptist Church has been there ever since.

RE: I love it. I love it.

BS: But it was just amazing. We started saving our money, and Don Dotson and Edna were the treasurer, and they said if we do a lot of the work ourself, we can put a building in the dry. So we—we did. And they looked around and the money was still there. We'd spent all this money, but it was still there. And we said, okay, let's finish the building. And we got it finished, I think, we borrowed maybe two or three thousand dollars and moved in and tore the old building down that was the school, and then the fire department

burnt it up, and I stayed over there all night to make sure it didn't go anywhere, and so that's—that morning when the sun came up, I turned the fire truck around and I watched the sun hit that new church. What a thrill. What a thrill. And then now we've grown—just pure-t amazing how the Lord's blessed us.

RE: That's great. Now, tell me, when we think about Fairview, you've seen a lot of changes in Fairview, no doubt.

BS: Oh, yes, but we call this Reynolds.

RE: Reynolds. That's right. That's right.

BS: Yeah. But that's fair enough to say Fairview.

RE: But you've seen a lot of change. What's been one of the biggest changes you've seen?

BS: People.

RE: People? How so? Be careful. Remember I'm not a native.

BS: Well, more of them.

RE: More?

BS: Yes. And good ones, but a few that seem to want to take over. We're getting a group that's going build right here beside of us.

RE: In the Southcliff area or on down the road?

BS: Just right there.

RE: Oh, literally right beside you.

BS: Yes. And they called me and told me that our two big propane tanks, I was going to have to bury them because they was going to build a parking lot over there and they were too close to it. And I said, “well, I’ve never heard of such.” And so I called my gas company, Freeman, and he said, no, everything’s fine. And I said, well, they want to move them 150 foot which would be down here to the house and then run a line, and so I called the man back, I said, “you know, mister, my family has been here for 215 years, and you’ve been here for one year and you’re trying to tell me what to do.” And I said, “that’s not going to work.” He said, “well, we’ll pay for it. And it’s going to cost over $10,000 to bury them,” and then for some reason, my left brain clicked into my right brain and said, well, why don’t you ask them to build you a fence so the people won’t be flooding over here on your farm? And I said, “well, if we do that, you need to build me a fence. Start at U.S. 74 and going to the length of your property, which is over 2,000 feet. Six foot high with two strands of barbed wire.” They said, “we’ll do it.” And I said, “well, thank you.”

RE: Wow.

BS: Yeah, so I don’t know how many people—

RE: What are they building?

BS: Apartments.

RE: Oh, really?

BS: Yes.

RE: Wow.

BS: It's big, whatever it is.

SJ: It's just going to be more and more people.

BS: More bodies to look after, but—it's just amazing though what—the changes. Us and the Huntleys have probably got—own the most land that's left here in this valley. We had 180 acres when I got here out of the 256 that he originally bought; but at one time, they said Cornelius owned 18,000 acres of land.

SJ: I heard it went clear to Sweeten Creek.

BS: Yes, that's correct. That's correct.

RE: Wow.

BS: But too many young'uns. And all them sold it. And it's just back to me and Mrs. Sales over there. But all of it's been built on, houses, houses, houses. And you just find—see, her mom was part of it. Was she a Sales? And married a Willis?

SJ: No, no, no. There was Nanny.

BS: Nanny, yes.

SJ: Mama's mother was a Sales and married a Willis.

BS: Just amazing. And then Uncle Virgil's down here. He married into the Sales. He had land up here on the mountain, and they've sold it. That's Butler Mountain Estates.

SJ: Virgil Sorrells was kin to you?

BS: Yes.

SJ: I didn't realize that.

BS: Way down the line, they just—but what a place to live. And then we had the Browns, the Burgins, the Wrights, Emerys, Earwoods, and the Hughes. That's my grandmother. There was nine grandchildren in the Hughes' clan. And Lord, they would all play baseball on Sunday, and Hall would tell them they was going to hell, for playing that baseball over there on Sunday. And then they'd play Sack, they'd do that on the weekends. They'd have a sack and have it tied and the man would think it was a bag of feed for his cattle or pigs; and whenever he'd pick it up, it'd be tied and they'd all be laying down over the bank and start laughing at him. And he'd throw it down and away he'd go. And I'd been laying at my grandmother's and see all these spotlights on state highway, patrolling deputies trying to run them down.

SJ: Do you know what Daddy used to say? Right across your land they did that one night and Daddy was running and a spotlight was right behind him and he was running hard and got to the top of the hill up there and it was Jay Pettit who'd forgot to turn off his flashlight. And scared Daddy to death. [Laughter]. Jay and Daddy were—.

RE: What was in that sack?

BS: Dirt.

RE: Dirt?

BS: Or sawdust.

SJ: Or they'd lay a wallet out. They'd lay a wallet out.

BS: Oh, yeah, they'd call that pocketbook. And Daddy—there's one down here where this used to be, the cut, they've leveled it out. But here was a bag laid there for two weeks, and he was afraid to stop. And he finally stopped, and it was a hundred pounds of hog shorts that had fell off of a truck, and he was afraid to stop to get it. Now, Lee Willis, was he a cousin?

SJ: He's my uncle.

BS: Uncle. Well, he and I were in high school together, and he drove a school bus, and I was coming home from Reed Memorial [Church] on a Wednesday night or it might have been a Saturday night, it's whatever, but I was with—I'll think of the name—Bill Pressley – They owned Hamrick Feed Company. Well, we seen their sack laying there, so we went up the road and opened his trunk up and come back down and just whipped in there, jerked that trunk open, throwed that sack in it, slammed the trunk and away we went. So, I seen Lee that Monday morning. Yee-ah, they got our sack; but when it broke, I think that wire flipped up there and hit the back of the car. It should have messed the paint up, but that wasn't worst thing that happened. Well, old Bill went back down there and met up with some of his buddies, and he had a big, long, Buick touring car that had fenders with truck tires—car tires setting on them, big uns, and so they went tearing up Hemphill Road, and Lee had gone up there to his friend's, and they got up above his friend's, this is a gravel road, stopped, and one of them jumped out of the car. He said that one of them—we heard them, and he said, you can't get me, and said we heard a pistol go blam, blam and said here they come back down by their house, rocks a flying

everywhere, said they shot somebody up there. And they didn't do nothing but scare the soup out of them.

SJ: Served them right in a way. I thought you drove the school bus too. Was it Lee then?

BS: Lee drove it and I substituted. Because I remember I could go up there and make the turn around his house and not have to back up. And so he did the same thing and there was a green streak down the side of his bus where he skidded off his mama's house.

SJ: I remember that school bus parked up there.

BS: Yeah.

SJ: I can remember that.

BS: Yeah.

RE: So you think the biggest thing that you're seeing change is the people and the number of people coming to Reynolds?

BS: Oh, goodness, yes.

RE: Yeah.

BS: And the thing of it is you don't know any of them. I used to tell you everybody that lived over there. Now the people I know over there is the natives that's been there.

SJ: And her now. She lives over there.

RE: I live in Eastwood Village. Up the hill.

BS: Oh, in Eastwood. Okay.

RE: Just behind Piazza. Literally behind that building, the Great Wall, I could probably just jump from my porch and get on their roof.

BS: Well, my family owned that at one time.

RE: Really? How about that? I like where I live, so thank you to your family.

BS: And Aretha's brother, when you turn in there, he lives in the house that's right on the left.

RE: Oh, really?

BS: Yeah.

AS: Are you talking about up here?

RE: I live in Eastwood Village.

SJ: Across the road.

BS: Oh, no, no, I'm sorry. Eastwood down here.

AS: Gary lives up here.

BS: Gary lives up here where—yeah. You live down here. Hall owned that. Hall Sayles owned that, and Harry Pelos is the one that built that. Because you have the little restaurant down there in the front.

RE: Exactly.

BS: Yes. We leased that. We own that piece of property there.

SJ: Oh, okay.

BS: Yeah. Harry was—he was a sight to behold.

AS: The property that the diner is on.

BS: Yeah. Because you have to come across—Harry when he wanted to build on that, he sent me—I sent him the plat, and when I got it back, he had everything marked out except this in the middle, and he wanted to pay his rent on that. I said, "Harry, you undoubtedly must think I fell off of a turnip truck." I said, "my sister and I don't own anything on this piece of property, and you'll pay me what I think it's worth. As a matter of fact, I was driving that turnip truck and you was riding in the back." And so, then he told me that his parking lot wasn't—I said, "Harry, well, who built that big fancy road across there going into Eastwood?" I said, "there went your parking lot."

RE: Yeah. Okay. Final thing I'm going to ask you is what's your best memory—okay. Sandra's got one for you.

SJ: Let me do this one first.

RE: Okay.

SJ: Tell us about getting the Order of the Long Leaf. You got that.

BS: Oh, yes.

SJ: That needs to be put on here.

RE: What's that?

BS: Order of the Long Leaf Pine which is given by the Governor of North Carolina.

RE: Okay. Tell us about that for those of us who are non-natives.

BS: Well, that's the highest order that a native person in North Carolina can get from the Governor for the work that he has done in his community for his folks. Aretha's gonna get it. And I also am in the Western North Carolina Agricultural Hall of Fame. Agriculture – bring that one in, too, Aretha.

AS: Okay.

BS: Is that the Long Leaf Pine?

AS: Yeah.

BS: Yeah.

SJ: Yeah, I saw it in the paper when you got it.

RE: How great. When did you get that, the Order of the Long Leaf Pine?

BS: When does that say?

SJ: December 3rd, 2004.

RE: How nice. That's a real honor, isn't it?

BS: Oh, yeah. They're very few and far between get those.

RE: That's great.

[Break taken.]

SJ: Did any of the Sorrells live in that house, also?

BS: I don't know of anyone because my grandmother had them moved over here in about 1910 or somewhere along in there. Or, no, it was earlier than that.

SJ: Well, Mary Jane Whitener took me and Gary Sorrells through that house when it was windows knocked out and all that stuff when I was about four or five years old.

BS: Yeah.

SJ: I've been in that house.

RE: Does it still stand?

SJ: Oh, no. The fire department's there.

BS: The fire department, yeah.

RE: Oh, yeah, you said that. These are great, such honors. Now, this Order of the Long Leaf Pine is for stuff you did for the state and for the folks around the area?

BS: No. Here.

RE: Here. And talk to me about some of those things that you did that warranted this.

BS: Well, organized Reynolds Fire Department.

RE: Uh-huh.

BS: Organized and had the Western North Carolina Farmer's Market.

RE: Right.

BS: And then I was on the—which I still am—on the circle—let's see, what does he call that? Inner circle with the Commissioner of Agriculture. And then I was on Jim Hunt's advisory committee for nearly 20 years. I was on 16 while he was Governor of North Carolina, advisory, he would meet four times a year, and if you said something that really got all excited, he would write that down. The one thing that I said was that the cities were coming out and taking the very best of the fire departments, the volunteer fire departments, and they were doing satellites, so he had that written down, and then if a city came out, they had to pay the fire department back five years, and it had to be continuous. They couldn't come out here—like the city limits stopped here, they couldn't come out and annex this in and that not be attached to the city. And that was really wonderful. So that's when we went in debt.

AS: He was involved in a lot of things—

RE: Yeah, I'm not trying to doubt. I'm trying to capture that history.

BS: Oh, yeah, I know.

RE: Because, you know, the Long Leaf—.

BS: Order of the Long Leaf.

RE: Order of the Long Leaf is not something I'm familiar with, so to really understand everything and how influential you were is very significant for us. That's great.

BS: Well, the big thing is not what I knew, it's who I knew, and then I was able to persuade them to come to my way of thinking.

RE: But you were getting involved.

BS: Oh, yes.

RE: We interviewed somebody else, we'll just say, down the road, and I asked how he had gotten involved and it was part of that just it was brought up that you just kind of see a need and you step in.

BS: Oh, yes.

RE: And you do something about it.

BS: Well, and you know the right people and you don't aggravate them. I could call Jim Hunt right now if I needed something and he'd help me get it because he's that good a friend. It's just like when finally got things started for the farmer's market, Claude DeBruhl, he was there. Member of the House of Representatives in Raleigh. Well, somebody had to take that bull by the horns because it had to go through the legislature, and a lot of people want to know how we got things going. I said, well, we had Claude DeBruhl, we had Mrs. Nesbitt, and we had—he was from Madison County, and he was the Speaker of the House, Liston Ramsey, and I said, it didn't hurt to have all these people down there, and when they went, they didn't go down to do what they're doing today. They went down as one accord as a good Baptist—and we just got things done.

RE: Uh-huh.

BS: Old Claude called me and said, "son, I just got a law passed to build you a farmer's market up there in North Carolina, but I ain't got no money." He said, "but I'll have the money by dark. So and so who's on the agricultural committee has got a little pet project

he wants done and I'm in charge of that project, and before I give him the money, he's gonna give me the money to build the market up there in Asheville." And sure enough, that's what happened.

RE: I love it. I love it. Okay. Final question for you, what's your best memory of being here for 215 years? What's the best memory you have?

BS: I guess watching this farm be what it is today with my wife and myself.

RE: That's great. And you're still working it.

BS: It's a great place to live.

RE: I love it. Isn't that sweet? Isn't that sweet? Well, you got anything else you think you want to tell us that we left out?

BS: Well, we have never advertised our greenhouses, and we have never gotten a bad check. We've had greenhouses since 1972, but the people that trade with us want a good high-quality plant which we raise for them, and then they know that it's just right. Same way when we raised sweet corn, they knew the ear in the bottom was exactly like the ear on top. And marketing is the name of the game. If you know how to market your product, you'll do well, and whenever I had Mexicans pulling our corn, I would set them down before we got started, I said, "now, boys, marketing is the name of the game. If you do a good job pulling my corn and I do a good job marketing this corn, we'll be selling corn when the rest of them's not." And I said, "I want 60 ears in the bag. I don't want nothing no shorter than that. And you won't know it, but I'm going to be counting mentally while you bag this corn." I wouldn't let them pull the corn and then put it in a bag in the field.

They had to put the corn in a big trailer, sometimes four of them behind a tractor. And then we'd pull under a big shade tree, had these stands made that hold the bags, and then I would count. I'd say, "son, I don't believe you got but 57 ears in that bag. You're talking to your buddy too much. Let's me and you dump them things out and see." I said, "look at that. Now, we're trying to sell this corn as 60 ears, and if we do a good job doing that, then these people will be back and they'll be buying our corn." I've had them call from Kentucky, Virginia, West Virginia, Tennessee, Georgia, South Carolina as far as Charlotte. Is Bud pulling corn? Yes, he starts Monday. We'll be there to get it. Because they knew the ear in the bottom was like the ear on top, all fresh, and it's just the right thing to do.

RE: Uh-huh. I started to say you just hit the nail on the head. I was gonna say it's just the right thing to do.

BS: And then when I'd pull in there, I had a truck, a big GMC with an 18-foot goose neck trailer with 250 bags of corn laying on it, and this one guy I knew well, he said, I'd look up and see that truck coming down that hill and I'd say, "It's over. Here he comes. It's over." Because it was just a pleasure to raise—Aretha could sell a thousand bags here at the house.

RE: Wow.

BS: For people just to put in their doggone freezer.

RE: Really?

BS: Yeah. And then she can fix it. But I told Aretha she could fix it good because I raised it.

RE: All right.

BS: And now she can fix corn.

RE: I love it.

BS: And there's nothing like corn on a homemade biscuit. Bust it open and put the corn on top.

SJ: And butter.

BS: Oh, gosh, yes. And a good cold tomato laying beside of it.

SJ: Or okra.

BS: Oh, yes.

RE: How's your corn fixed?

BS: You'll have to ask her.

RE: Okay. I will ask her.

BS: But her brother, boy, he just—he set right over there, and you can't budge him out of that place. And lo and behold, he's always after his wife Sarah to fix corn like Aretha's. Well, Aretha had more than we could eat, so she gave Sarah a big bait of it, and she took it home and here set Gary, "Sarah, oh, my gosh, Sarah, you got it down pat. This tastes just like Aretha's." "Gary, it is Aretha's."

RE: All right.

BS: But it’s just been a pleasure to farm and see people, you know, thank you.

RE: That’s great. Uh-huh.

BS: And the same way with the fire department. I was chief there for 40 years, and the reason being is because I had good men with me. They knew we had a job. Most fire departments they’ve got somebody that’s always wanting to be fire chief, and they just have problems. Not us. It’s just pure-T amazing.

RE: Well, you definitely touched lives. To listen to you, you definitely touched lives which is amazing, leaving a legacy for sure. Not that you’re going anywhere, but that’s really neat. That’s really neat.

BS: Well, asked Aretha. She says, “Bud, what they see is what they get.”

RE: Uh-huh.

BS: What you see is what you get when you see me.

RE: Uh-huh.

BS: Yeah.

RE: Uh-huh. Something to be said about that, isn’t it? You don’t have to keep worrying about what you said to people or anything else. All right. Let us do this. Let us wrap this up and let us get your photos kind of documented and we’ll take them with us and get them scanned and then we’ll get them back to you. Deal?

BS: That would be great, yeah.

RE: And I want your recipe for that corn because I'm telling you—turn that thing off because I want to yak.

END OF INTERVIEW.